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Hollins Columns (1941 Nov 28)

Hollins College

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Don't Forget
to Come to
the Fall Play
Saturday
Night
in the
Little Theatre

Junior Class Will Present Annual Tea Dance and Prom on December 6

Hollins Columns



ATTENTION
All Knitting
and Sewing
for Red Cross
Must be
Handed in by
December 13

VOLUME XIV

Z-777

HOLLINS COLLEGE, VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 28, 1941

NUMBER 6



Prom Features Sherman Hayes

It has been announced that Sherman Hayes and his orchestra will play for the Junior Prom, on December 6, at both the tea dance that afternoon and the formal dance that night. As usual, the former dance will be held from four to six P. M., and the latter will start at 8:30 P. M., both will take place in the gymnasium.

Sherman Hayes's orchestra has not only played for important engagements throughout the United States, but has also played in many South American cities. Because of this, both his arrangements of American swing and of congas and tangos are undoubtedly superb.

The Juniors in charge of the prom committees are as follows: Ellen Harwell, orchestra; Molly Weeks, decorations; Sarah Cooper May, programs and flowers; Charlotte Wilson and Jack Gravely, invitations and tickets; Patsy Boyd, refreshments; Kitty Anderson, figure and floor; and Julia Meade Wilson, parking and coat room.

Six Honored By Who's Who

Six Hollins girls have recently been asked to appear in "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." They are: Carolyn Peters, president of Student Government; Margaret Roethke, president of Freya; Anne Folkes, editor of HOLLINS COLUMNS; Ruth Dennett, president of the Senior Class; E. Mae Woolf, senior representative to Executive Council, and Susan Johnston, editor of *Cargoes*.

Who's Who, a compilation of biographies of outstanding students, is published annually. Its motivating idea is two-fold: to honor deserving students without politics, fees and dues, and to serve as a reference volume for the American college students. The purpose is to serve "as an incentive for students to get the most out of their college careers; as a means of compensation to students for what they have done; as a standard of measurement for students comparable to such agencies as Phi Beta Kappa, and as a recommendation to the business world."

Any student who is classed as a junior or senior, and those in advanced study are eligible for this honor. Selection is based on character, scholarship, leadership in extra-curricular activities and possible usefulness to the business world. Here at Hollins the group was selected from a list presented to a committee of students and faculty by the executive committee.

Mr. Shaffer Talks On "Water Colors"

On Sunday, November 23, Mr. Robert Shaffer gave a gallery talk on "Virginia Water Colors," in the Y. W. C. A. room in East Building. All the water colors were done by Virginia artists, and are

Red Cross Nets High Proceeds

During the week November 17 to November 22, the Hollins Red Cross Roll Call Committee promoted a campus-wide membership campaign in accordance with the annual Red Cross Roll Call drive throughout the nation.

The chairman of the Red Cross Roll Call Committee, Miss Oreen Ruedi, reports that the campaign was very successful, and that the entire proceeds were \$352. Miss Ruedi's assistants among the classes were, seniors: Kay Sanford and Nancy Couper; juniors: Rhea Day, Molly Weeks; sophomores: Marjory Fay Underhill, Belva Schulze-Berg, Anne Straub; freshmen: Martha Jane Shands, Jane Buffet. The results of the campaign were presented daily by class posters on the bulletin boards.

The Junior Class was the first class to reach a quota of one hundred per cent. Every member of the class contributed to the roll call and signed the pledge card. At present the Hollins Red Cross group is working to get a hundred per cent quota for the entire school.

Miss Parmenter, chairman of the Red Cross Sewing Committee, has announced that the remaining garments in the sewing quota require only hand sewing in order to finish them. These garments should be called for in the Red Cross sewing room backstage in the Little Theatre any afternoon during the week. It has also been announced that towels may be stitched on the sewing machine in the gymnasium any morning during the week after 8:30 A. M.

All knitting and sewing must be finished and handed in to the committee chairman by December 13.

representative of the work being done in that field at present. Mr. Shaffer commented on many of the water colors and also gave a brief sketch about the artists



Freshman Class Plans Elections

The Freshman Class is getting ready to elect its officers and organize. Up until now the activities of the class have been under the guidance of Val Kuntz, Junior Class President. When the officers are finally elected, the Freshman Class will be on its own and ready to carve out a career at Hollins.

A meeting was held last week to elect a nominating committee. The girls chosen by the class were Jane Dempsey, Graham Gwathney, Merille Hewitt, Mary Lane Latimer, Betty Porter, Bunny Rogers, Peg Roney, Martha Jane Shands, Mimi Smith, and Anne Weatherspoon. They will nominate girls for each office in the class. It is expected that the list will be posted within the next ten days.

"Life With Father" Plays in Roanoke

Clarence Day's comedy, "Life with Father," will be presented at the Academy of Music in Roanoke, Monday and Tuesday nights, December 8 and 9. There will also be a matinee on Tuesday.

Although the cast of this production is not the New York one, which included Howard Lindsay, who made the book into a play, and Dorothy Stickney, it is an excellent one. Dorothy Gish becomes a lovable and delightfully frivolous mother with Louis Colhern interpreting the self-willed character of Father.

The play follows Mr. Day's book closely in depicting humorous incidents in the lives of the author's family. With Father, a stern and indomitable ruler of the Victorian household, as the center of the play, the rest of the family carries on a normal, if unusually amusing life. It was hailed by Brooks Atkinson in the *New York Times* as "A perfect comedy." Sooner or later every one will have to see "Life with Father." The play provides incomparable entertainment.

Virgil Fox Plays At Convocation

Virgil Fox, eminent organist, will play at Hollins on December 9 at two convocations, one at four in the afternoon and again at eight o'clock in the evening.

Virgil Fox today occupies a place which is unique in the organ concert world. In his middle twenties, he has won for himself an enviable position among the great exponents of organ music the world over. Virgil Fox's career has been marked by phenomenal success in a relatively short time. When 11 years old, he played his first church service; at 14, he played a concert before 2,500 people; at 17, he won unanimously the National Federation of Music Clubs' National Biennial Contest in Boston. Then in 1932, after but one year in the Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, he won the only Artist's Diploma ever given a one-year student and took the highest honors among all the graduates. He then went to Europe for a year's coaching with the famous Marcel Dupre and, as a climax, made a sensational debut in London at the Kinsway Hall where his playing brought superlative praise from the English critics. Since 1934 he has toured America each season and has appeared in most of the larger cities throughout the United States and Canada.

THIS WEEK

Saturday, Nov. 29—Little Theatre
Fall Play
"The Joyous Season"
8:30 P. M.

Saturday, Dec. 6—Gymnasium
Junior Prom
Tea Dance . . . 4:00-6:00 P. M.
Formal Dance . . . 8:30 P. M.

Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 8-9—
Academy of Music, Roanoke, Va.
"Life With Father" . . . 8 P. M.

Tuesday, Dec. 9—Chapel
Virgil Fox, Organist
4:00 and 8:00 P. M.

"The Joyous Season" Will be Presented Saturday; Faculty and Student Talent Join to Make a "Hit"

Because the fall play, "The Joyous Season," is a Christmas play, it is expected to give every one the holiday spirit three weeks early. This bit of Christmas propaganda in three acts deals with Nun Ruth Talley's conversion of six members of the faculty and five other students.

New blood has come into the dramatic-minded ranks of the faculty in the form of Mr. Lurch and Mr. Tice, Veterans Mr. Humeston, Mr. Waddell, Dr. Patterson and Mr. Shaffer are all on hand, however.

The feminine part of the cast, too, is principally composed of students new to the Hollins drama critics. Janet Simpson

is accustomed to footlights but Ruth Talley, Penny Jones, Betty Chinn, and Jane Chess have never before appeared before the Hollins audience. Nancy Cooper has her first speaking role in "The Joyous Season." She has been promoted from her last year's part which consisted of contortions alone.

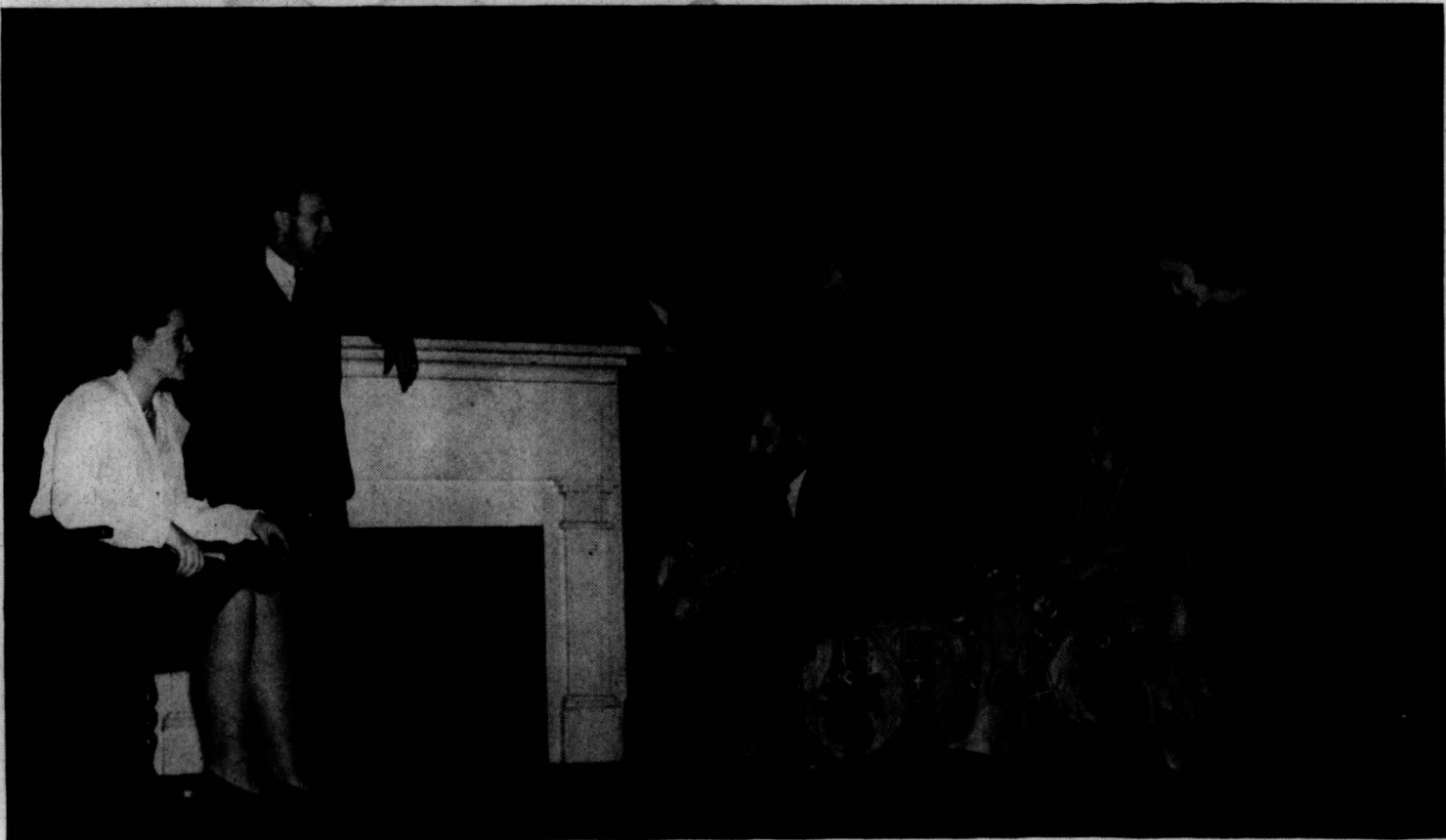
Humor in "The Joyous Season" consists of an Irish maid, Janet Simpson, and an Irish butler, Mr. Tice. Nothing could be funnier than the Irish jig of the maid unless, perhaps, it is the drawing Irish accent of southern Mr. Tice.

According to Miss Blair "The Joyous

Season," is a quiet play that grows on you. This seems a little hard to believe, considering the members of the cast. November 29 will tell!

Regardless of the outcome of the play the cast is enjoying rehearsals. Dr. Patterson amuses overy one with his rendition of "hardening arteries." He insists that in the best biological circles the phrase is "artering harderies."

Already there has been an after-theatre party given for the faculty actors by the student members of the cast. It is expected that the faculty will retaliate with another party on opening night.



Hollins Columns

Published fortnightly during the college year
by a staff composed entirely of students

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ALL PLAY AND NO WORK?

For a hundred years Hollins College has worked to raise its academic standards to their present level of excellence. This year should be a climax to that record which it has taken a century to build. But such standards cannot be preserved, much less improved, without the cooperation of the student body. Unfortunately, within the last few months the idea that studying is synonymous with stuffiness has become noticeable on campus. Such misguided thinking must be corrected. No person of mature intelligence could possibly support the theory that college—which is based upon the principle of educating and preparing youth for adult life—is a place to play. True, there is a happy medium between "all work and no play," but the idea of being ashamed of academic efforts, because a small clique of mentally lazy girls who are incapable of good work attempt to laugh at what they cannot achieve, is ridiculous. There is no excuse for such adolescent nonsense. We came to college to learn and conversely Hollins College was founded in order to promote learning. The academic records of our hundredth year can make or break Hollins' reputation as a college of significance. It is up to us.

HOLLINS STANDS ALONE

Why does Hollins have to be so individualistic that we cannot cut classes over Thanksgiving week-end? If we want to go home for a family gathering we cannot, because we haven't time to get there and back by Friday morning. If we want to meet friends and have a grand reunion in some city or at some college, we have to write that we are the only people who cannot be present. If family or friends come to Hollins over the week-end, we scarcely see them because we cannot afford to cut our classes and pay five dollars. There is no way for Hollins girls to have a real Thanksgiving, for who can feel the true spirit of the holiday when she is confined to the immediate vicinity far from all old friends and a dotting family that is carving the turkey without her? Not only do we fail to get the Thanksgiving spirit, one of the best spirits there is, but any person who is inclined to be homesick, is so homesick on this holiday that she is utterly miserable and not even a bridge party in Keller can take the empty feeling away on such an occasion.

Hollins, as we have implied, is practically alone in its stand on the Thanksgiving week-end. Sweet Briar, Randolph-Macon, Mary Baldwin, and all the Northern colleges allow their students to cut classes over this week-end. It is only boarding schools that give only the day and make it impossible for girls to enjoy the company of friends and family. Really, isn't it a little bit childish of the administration to continue with this policy?



IRIS BACHMANN

THE QUESTION BEFORE THE HOUSE . . .

*It's the talk of the country-side for many miles away.
I'll vow they've even heard the news as far off as—the T-House!
So loosen up your vocal chords and voice your merry bray—
At any rate, inform your date.*

*There's a festive spirit in the air,
And things are happening everywhere:
Good golly mosses! Grab the ladder!
(I guess that's one less mouth to feed.)
It won't zip up—I'm so much fatter:
(Can't some one help a friend in need?)
My date can't come!—Oh, yes, he can!
But now he can't—and now he can!
He can't! He can! He's up! He's down!
Won't some one tell me what to do?
The awful truth will wreck the town—
You see, I've now invited two!
Ah, well-a-day, I've lost my ticket!
Will anybody sell me theirs?
For fifty cents! Now, that's not cricket!
(Why ticket-sellers get gray hairs.)*

*So if, while strolling down the street,
An unclaimed male you chance to meet.
Don't stop to ask him where he's from—
Just ask him to the Junior Prom.*

WORLD WIND

By CAROLINE GALE

IN WASHINGTON

After a week the coal strike has been called off until some solution of the dispute can be resolved. Arbitration will be placed in the hands of three men: Fairless, President of United States Steel; Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers; and Steelman, whose government job is that of director of United States Conciliation Service. As representative of "the public," Steelman is the key man, and will head the three-man board appointed by Roosevelt.

THE HOUSE LABOR COMMITTEE

The House Labor Committee, headed by Representative Norton of New Jersey, is taking steps to draw up an anti-strike bill. Her committee does not want to destroy labor's gains, yet it feels labor must be made to realize that there is a national emergency which demands its cooperation.

IN AFRICA

British and Nazi tanks engaged in a battle around Tobruk in Libya since Britain opened the attack November 12. Even the Nazis admit the fight is a "severe" one. The British are systematically trying to drive wedges in the Nazi panzer divisions, and encircling German and Italian posts.



Under the Dome

A sophomore bounced down a la petti-coat to Mary Pearson's room to collect exactly one quarter owed her by the latter. Bursting into the room she yelled, "Okay, Butch, you can hand over that quarter right this minute." Imagine her surprise when Butch turned out to be Miss Randolph! We're still wondering whether she collected.

At a very important Centennial Committee (plug) meeting it was announced that the College was very much honored that John Dewey had accepted their invitation to speak at the Centennial. "I think," said Muffy, "that it's wonderful he's coming, he has done so very much to stop the crime wave in New York City." We would recommend a good stiff course in Miss Williamson's freshman philosophy.

Mr. Shaffer is simply thrilled to death over his part in the Fall Play, and we agree with Mr. Waddell that he really has the true dramatic spirit. Quoth the eminent art prof, "My, but I have a snappy part—I come in on Page 139, sit for 10 pages, and then say YES!"

"THE" University has made a terrific impression on one of our freshmen. So if your plea is "music, maestro, please," you'll want to swing out in these styles of the very latest vintage. . . . For a dress as gay as the evening planned, Honey Puschell rightly chooses a bright red wool with a smooth long waist and swirling accordion-pleated skirt. And now, if ever, is the time to be smart in red. . . . Worldly black always scores a hit. Jane Cutting makes the critics rave in her black tailored suit. . . . The latest fashion rumors favor dippy hip lines. So its rarewell to the horizontal and welcome to the diagonal. And what we mean to be saying is that the newest waist lines are set in a slope, with oblique necklines to match. It's radical, but it's fashion. . . . Above, we have Betty Chambliss in her choice for romantic hours; a black silk gayer up with a narrow band of colorful embroidered flowers at the skirt and neckline. There's a rumor that this is the perfect conversation piece for all fashion mongers.

E. Mae enjoyed "Honky Tonk." That is she did until during a lovely love scene "Swannie" turned to her and said, "If you think that's good you ought to see 'Squat.'" We, personally, can hardly wait.

There still being another Thanksgiving to celebrate we think this is fairly apropos: SCENE: Odd-Even game. QUESTION: "I do wonder why the girls are making so many fouls?" ANSWER (by an intelligent [?] junior): "It must be because it's so near Thanksgiving."

Looking forward to seeing you all over at Alderson Federal Penitentiary—after all, girls, it looks just like a college campus.



Plans Outlined For Centennial In Convocation

At convocation on November 28th plans for the Centennial Celebration were presented to the student body. After a minut performed by Evelyn Anderson and Jeannie Afflick as an introduction to the program, Ruth Dennett presented the speakers.

The first speaker was Ann Hall who told the students about the plans for Saturday, May 16th. This day will be given over entirely to social activities. During the afternoon the Horse Show will take place. In the evening the coronation of the May Queen will precede the long-awaited Costume Ball, which is to be under the direction of the sophomore class.

Janet Simpson was the next speaker to approach the rostrum, and she divulged the plans for the second day of the celebration. This will be Sunday and is to be given over to religion.

Janet Sicard, the third speaker, reported on the plans for Monday, May 18th. This day is to represent the academic phase of Hollins life and will be presented in the form of symposia. The first symposium will be on *Art in a Free Society*, the second will be on *Education*. In the third symposium *Freedom of the Mind and Spirit* will be discussed. The fourth symposium will be on *Religion and Morality in a Free Society*. In the evening a play that Virginia Moore has written especially for the Hollins Centennial Celebration will be presented in the Little Theatre. The drama is to be in costume and is to be suitable for our one-hundredth anniversary.

To complete the program for the evening, Carolyn Peters spoke on the plans for the final day of the Centennial Celebration. This day will be the climax of the entire celebration and will begin by an academic procession and the presentation of the Centennial gift. A prominent college president is expected to give an address in the afternoon. At the end of the day, the Class of 1942 will sing on the Library steps.

Off the Record

With so many new records being released, it is hard for us to decide which are the best of the week, so we'll just mention a few that you really shouldn't miss. First choice is Harry James' "Minka" (Columbia). Not only is the vocal work outstanding, but Harry, himself, gives out with his trumpet. Again we turn to Tommy Dorsey, this time for his recording of "Love Me A Little" (Victor). Also recommended are the following: Bing Crosby's "No Te Importe Saber" (Decca), sung in Spanish with Bing at his usual best on a rather unusual piece; Count Basie's "Basie Boogie" (Okeh), and Duke Ellington's "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good" (Victor).

Those of you who follow Edward R. Murrow's broadcasts from London will be interested to know that he has recently published his book *This Is London*. Sterling Holloway has been added to the "Family Hour." Broadcast from the Metropolitan this Saturday will be Verdi's "La Traviata" with Jan Peerce, Lawrence Tibbett, and Jarmila Novotna. This program will have to compete with the Army-Navy game which will also be broadcast Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Roosevelt will speak on the "Young America Wants To Help" program this Friday night. And by the way, did you listen to those Spotlight Bands (10:15 p. m.) last week? They should be as good, if not better, this week.

At the Lee Theatre this week-end is an unusual movie . . . "Suspicion" with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine. Poor Joan runs around wondering when her husband (Cary) is going to murder her! At the Jefferson will be "Black Friday" (I) with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi . . . Should be a thriller!

Preview of Christmas Spirit Promises Turkey and Parties

By MARGARET TAYLOR

In Tinkerland, sombre winter gloom doesn't have a Chinaman's chance, certainly not in December. The end of a gay football season permits no let-down; no grim sadness accompanies even the usual agonizing term paper piled up since October. Why? Because Christmas is coming.

Folks at home may not feel the advent as keenly or as quickly, but for weeks in advance of Christmas vacation at Hollins, the girls effervesce with anticipation and excitement. Freshmen who have been marking off calendar days since the first week of their arrival, dash around in high gear, chattering incomprehensibly about the long-awaited Christmas parties and dances at home. Their trunks, temptingly lining the hallways, are packed a whole week early. The adjournment of Student Government meetings is now hailed with squeals of delight from every one. Sophomores, juniors, and seniors, along with freshmen, come forth lustily singing the gay refrain:

*"Two more weeks 'til vacation,
Then we'll go to the station,
Back to civilization!
The train will carry us there."*

When the last girls file out the doors and descend the Little Theatre steps, their song dies away; but their gleeful clatter, combined with the tinkle of tiny silver bells nestled in their bright hair ribbons, retains their accelerated spirit less vehemently.

Yes, in the first days of December the air of excitement prevails. Soon the enchanting glow of Christmas lights on campus evergreens appears as the earliest visible assurance that the great day actually approaches. The determined student crossing the quadrangle after twilight, library-bound, is pleasantly distracted by the spectacle. She starts day-dreaming all over again. The Keller tree at the annual Christmas party for the underprivileged children is not less intriguing. Its multicolored radiance reflected in dancing eyes of the boys and girls when they come up to receive gifts makes one's head spin suddenly, while one's grin stretches expansively.

Similarly, the gleam of white candles on miniature pine trees, which decorate each table at the annual Christmas banquet, flutters and winks merrily in the girls' own shining eyes. On this occasion turkey

and dressing, cranberry sauce, and all such holiday delicacies are consumed between songs from the individual tables. Simultaneously, carols echo from various corners of the dining room. While some sit utterly amazed, others stuff down an extra olive just in time to hit the last note of their own table's song.

Thus the last night of school is spent in unbounded merriment. Perhaps some conscientious souls manage to study for tomorrow's classes, but you may be sure the majority are "whooping it up" at "dorm" parties or packing furiously.

Certainly at midnight no sophomore has her nose in a book. If so, she is missing the most hilarious party of the year. On the stroke of twelve, down into the green drawing room rush a host of pajama-clad, clamp-crowned palefaces. They dash around the room whirling-dervish fashion, leaping from the most impish, insane manner imaginable. The one room, despite its great size, cannot hold them long. Soon they swarm out the front door of Main to give the quadrangle a twirl. Seeing their quaint shadows scampering madly around the drive, one feels urged to search out the Pied Piper who aimlessly leads them. But there is no Pied Piper; the good old Christmas spirit is sufficient inspiration for such antics. What is more, there is no telling how far into the night these capers persist.

The next morning—the day of days, mind you—where sophomores recently jammed the quadrangle, dozens of taxis now huddle and hum, all to whisk both girls and baggage into the 12:25 train. Confusion reaches its climax at this hour. Shouts of farewell and reminders to "be good and have fun" reverberate between the four emptying buildings on front campus. A helter-skelter departure of taxis, and the young things are off at last!

At such a moment, few, if any, are thinking of the beautiful and impressive White Gift Service given by the Y. W. C. A. on Sunday. Laughter, not the melody of carols rings in every one's ears. The solemn, lovelier aspect of programs, such as the Gift Service and the Christmas Pageant are what they will recall in quiet, more sentimental moods. This is certainly no time to dwell upon spiritual memories. Now there is far too much distraction. Now the girls speed noisily away from Tinkerland—"back to civilization!"

Stars Are Seen From New Angle

By ANN BAKER

No doubt many of you have gone out on a warm summer night to gaze at the stars with your one-and-only, and all you could remember when you came in were the stars in his eyes. Well, Miss Farnsworth runs her star-gazing on a slightly different basis . . . you actually look at the stars!

Any night when the skies are clear and the thermometer registers ten below zero, you can find Miss Farnsworth and Miss Pillans star-gazing by the front door of the Science Hall. If that moon outside is just too much for you to bear, bundle yourself into your red flannels and armed with a hot water bottle go to find your consolation in the stars. If you get out soon enough, Miss Farnsworth may show you Venus, who, Miss Farnsworth says, is looking particularly pretty now. But you'll have to make it about six o'clock, because Venus goes to bed shortly after. Maybe she's heard about the troubles late dates can get a girl in!

If all this doesn't help that feeling the moon gives you, turn the telescope on that guilty member and carefully search out every little crater. Then you will discover that there is nothing romantic about it. Once you get interested in star-gazing you will forget all about that icy gal playing havoc with your skirts and get calm, scientific air. Then you will begin to appreciate Mars, with its red eye winking at you, and Betelgeuse, with all its brawn. But you mustn't be jealous of

Y. W. C. A. Meeting Will Hear Reports

By MARY BAKER BARNES

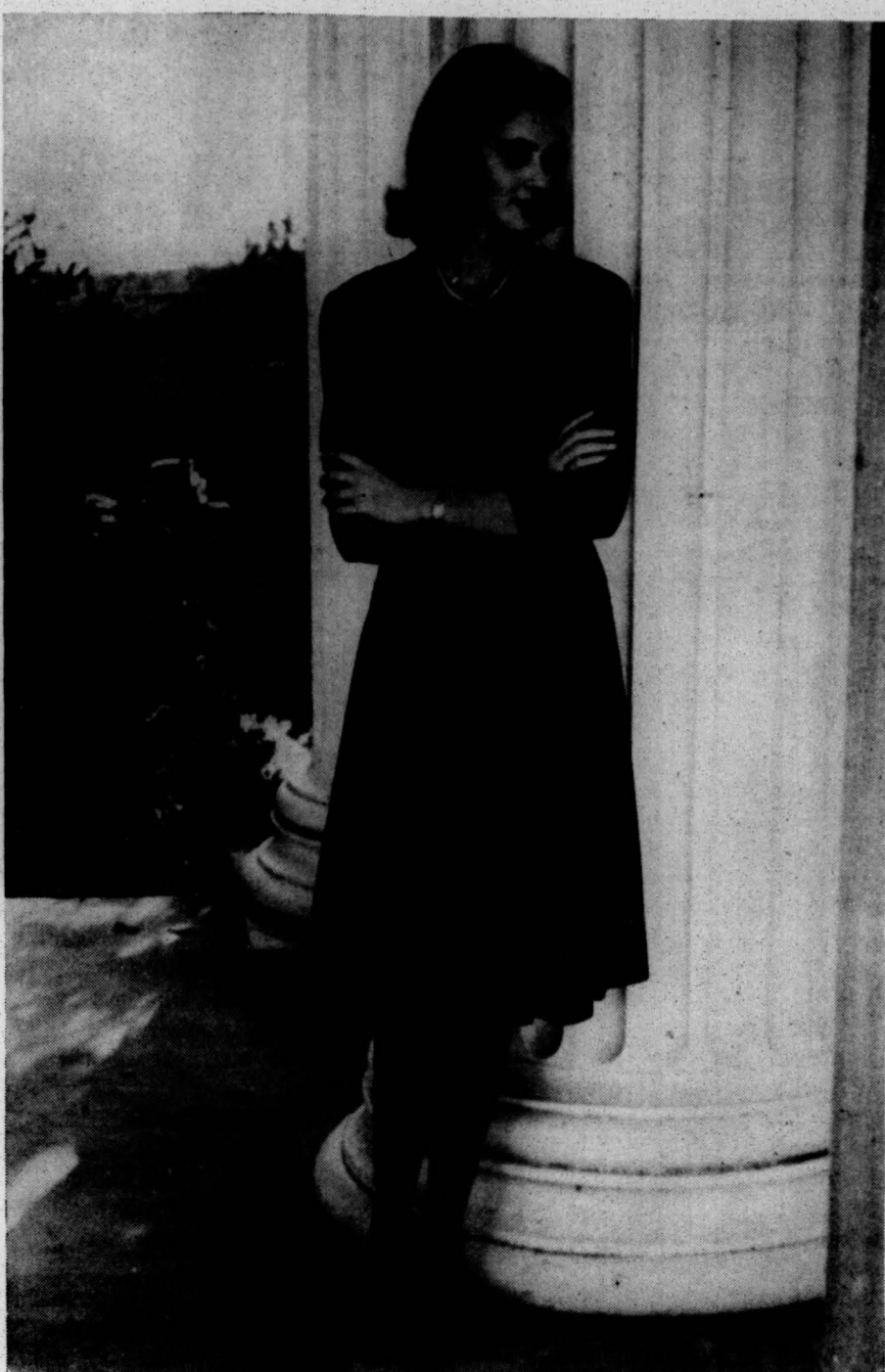
The Y. W. C. A. will hold its first complete meeting of the term within the next week, with Erica Brown presiding. Sarah Graydon, secretary of the Y. W. C. A. will report on the Inter-Racial Conference which she attended November 15th at Greensboro, North Carolina. Dr. Kathleen MacArthur, a former member of the Hollins faculty, and now a member of the National Y. W. C. A. staff in New York, was one of the leaders of the Conference.

The Chairman of Religious Activities of the Y. W., Diana Harrison, will disclose plans for a student chapel service in December. Engaged as the spring guest speaker is Dr. John Schroeder, of the Yale Divinity School.

Paula White will report on the activities of the clinic committee for the playground-recreational program, headed by Eloise Seeligson, on the Junior Choir and on caring for babies during the church hour.

Two Christmas parties will be sponsored by the Y. W. C. A., one for the white children of the neighborhood, and one for the colored. There will also be a Christmas party for the Hollins Room at Mercy House. Clothes, as gifts for the children at the sanatorium, will be collected in boxes placed in all the dormitory halls.

Saturn's encircling rings because, after all, the poor thing is so far from civilization that he has to dream, doesn't he?



Modes . . . By Maraist

SWING TIME . . .

The music in Keller hath its charms, but it's never so potent as when enhanced by YOU in just the very thing. So if your plea is "music, maestro, please," you'll want to swing out in these styles of the very latest vintage. . . . For a dress as gay as the evening planned, Honey Puschell rightly chooses a bright red wool with a smooth long waist and swirling accordion-pleated skirt. And now, if ever, is the time to be smart in red. . . . Worldly black always scores a hit. Jane Cutting makes the critics rave in her black tailored suit. . . . The latest fashion rumors favor dippy hip lines. So its rarewell to the horizontal and welcome to the diagonal. And what we mean to be saying is that the newest waist lines are set in a slope, with oblique necklines to match. It's radical, but it's fashion. . . . Above, we have Betty Chambliss in her choice for romantic hours; a black silk gayer up with a narrow band of colorful embroidered flowers at the skirt and neckline. There's a rumor that this is the perfect conversation piece for all fashion mongers.

ET CETERA . . .

Now for a fashion ramble. . . . It's never too cold to blossom in winter pastels, so make light these drab days with your favorite colors. Ann Judson has her share of winter fun in a light mustard-colored wool with many flounced skirt and buttons from neck to hem. Likewise, it's always a pleasure to catch a glimpse of Ruth McCoy in her pink and blue paneled wool. . . . To make campus life mean more there's nothing that can offer more than a skirt of hand-some plaid. We refer you to Ann Folkes in her basic green and rust brown plaid suit. . . . When frivolity is the keynote, go to Helen Taulman for factual information. Guaranteed to bowl over the natives is her hat made up of delicious pink feathers with a fluff of matching pink veil. . . . More chic by far than anything we've seen is Ann Hutcheson's trim two-piece jersey in black-out black. . . . There's a lot of beauty in a little thing. We mean, of course, the latest craze for sweater pins. Be they of rhinestones or of the Bundles-for-Britain variety, they add that certain inimitable touch.

Numerous Activities Entertain Hollins During Thanksgiving Day Celebration

Thanksgiving comes but once a year, but it lasts right long once it's here! Amid shouts of joy, students poured from the academic buildings promptly at 3:00 P. M., Wednesday, when all classes were over (i. e., until 8:00 o'clock Friday morning). There was just time for a quick cokes at the Tea House before the Odd-Even game at 3:30 P. M.

At this time every one turned out in black and orange or in red and white—as the case may have been—and filed to his respective side of the field. After the well-fought fight in which the Evens were victorious 4-0, they again gathered in the dining room for the banquet at which Rosa Batte Hodges officiated as toast-mistress. At this time, Miss Chevreux announced the monogram winners and the members of the Varsity team.

After breakfast, when the long-expected pancakes were served, Dr. Roberson delivered a thoughtful message in the

chapel, and the choir sang our ever-favorite hymn, "We Gather Together to Ask the Lord's Blessing."

Next, the girls filed off in different directions: to Lynchburg for the V. M. I.-V. P. I. game, to Roanoke for dinner and the movies, and—unbelievable though it seems—to their rooms and books. Speaking of dinner at the Hotel Roanoke, it was quite startling when 18 sophomores entered the dining room *en masse* and seated themselves at one long table right in the middle of the room!

After Thanksgiving dinner a bridge party was given in Keller from 2:00-5:00 P. M., when Edie Hobson walked off with a prize for high score and Belva Schulze-Berge, the consolation prize. Then, to make the day complete, they all went to the Little Theatre to see the movie, "Harvest," which was presented by the Cinema Guild.

Senior Forum Has Second Meeting of This Session

On Tuesday, November 25, from 4:00 to 6:00, the second Senior Forum of this centennial year was held in the Green Drawing Room.

Three members of the class served as speakers. First, Harriet Rohner discussed the part that Seniors play in Hollins life. Next, Edna Mae Woolf explained the activities of the Joint Legislative Committee, since the next Forum is to be devoted to petitions. Lastly, Caroline Gale spoke on the Curriculum Committee, acquainting the students with its methods so that intelligent suggestions may be made in the near future.

Before the discussion, refreshments were served. Janet Sicard was in charge of these.

Luis Fischer Talks at Roanoke Forum

Last Tuesday night, Luis Fischer, an eminent authority on the Soviet Republic and European politics, spoke at the Forum held in the auditorium of the Jefferson High School.

The Forum brings to Roanoke each winter a number of excellent speakers, of which Mr. Fischer is an example. He spoke last year on Russia, and returned this year by popular request.

Mr. Fischer, a lecturer and writer, was born in Philadelphia. He is a graduate from the Philadelphia School of Pedagogy. After teaching in the public schools for a while, he began to contribute to the *New York Evening Post*.

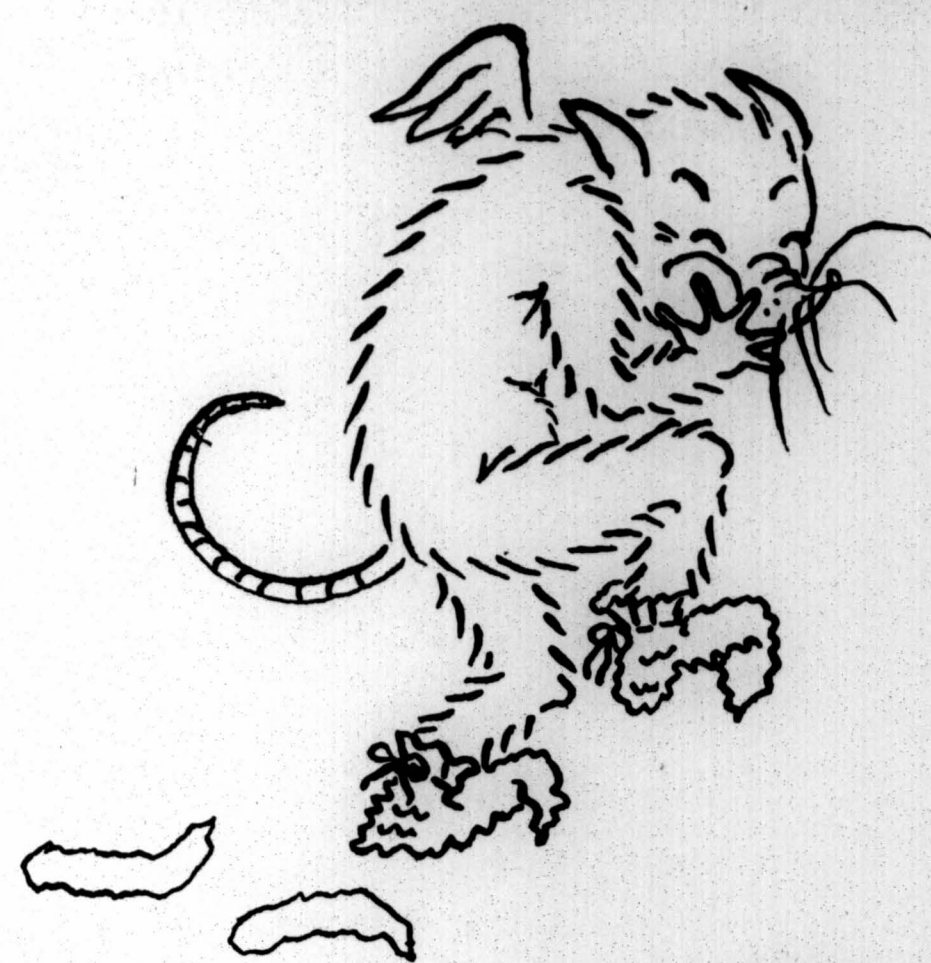
Besides being a regular contributor to the *Baltimore Sun*, *Nature Magazine*, *The New Statesman*, etc., he has written a number of books, such as *Oil Imperialism*, *The Soviet in World Affairs*, *Why Recognize Russia?*, *The War in Spain*, etc.

The Forum can be joined for a nominal fee, or tickets for single lectures can be obtained for 25c. The meetings usually begin around 7:30. Hollins girls are very welcome at the Forum meetings which will continue throughout the winter.

Date on Campus Has Grand Time

I love to have a date on campus because there's always so darn much to do:

1. We can sit on those picturesque old millstones and "talk"—and wonder if frostbite causes permanent injury.
2. We can sit in the social room and hope some one will have a date who can play the piano—and wonder about the physics of venetian blinds.
3. We can go to Keller and share our one date a month with our unfortunate sisters—and wonder who's saying, "What does he see in her?"
4. We can go talk to Mr. Caldwell about lots of things—and wonder if he'll remember it when you get locked out some night.
5. We can walk "penalty tours" around the quad on our poor aching feet until we have to carry our date to his waiting taxi—and wonder if he'll come back.
6. We can go to the Tea House and sing his school song with great enthusiasm and little tune, stroll back under the bright lights—and wonder when they'll plant the shubbery.
7. We can go play a snappy game of ping-pong in Keller—and wonder why it was invented.
8. We can go down to the business office and telephone every one he knows in Roanoke—"just for the heck of it"—and wonder why we bother.



The Patter of Little Feet

"Ooooooh, Gwanny, tell me a stowly!"
 "What about, lambie-pie?"
 "Oooooh, about a wittle mousie!"
 "I'd love to, sweetie-peaches. (Isn't this silly?) Well, once upon a time, there was a wittle, teensy, weensy mousie who wived in a wittle hole directly souf-east of my wittle bed in my wittle wum in Main at Howins Cowege. (Got that straight, Dear Reader?) Now, evvy night this wittle mousie, whose name was mu—uh—Howace, would poke his wittle nose out of his wittle hole directly souf-east—(need I go on?), and sniff around to see if evvy one was asweep. If they wasn't—uh—weren't, he'd sewamble back weal fast—wike that. But if nobody was awake, he'd tipsy-toesey out in his wittle booties and pway around in the wum." "Ooooooh, how 'citing!"
 "Yes. Isn't it. Well, Howace awways had woads of fun. He just wowed to wattle

paper. Wots of times he'd fwy wif his wittle wings—for Howace was a vewwy good wittle mousie (if you like mice, reader)—and wand wight in the waste paper basket and have more fun!"
 "Oooooh!"
 "And his favwite twick was to cwimb wight up on my bed and tickle my nose wif his whiskers. Isn't that cute?"
 "Oooooh! And what happened to the wittle mousie, Gwanny? Did he fwy up to Heaven on his wittle wings?"
 "Well—yes. Indirectly. (Now what do I do, dear reader?) You see, Howace was sooooo cute, and—"
 "Oooooh!"
 "—soooo good, and soooo sweet that all the wittle mousie angels got jealous and took him home (because after he stole my vitamin pills he was in no condition to manage for himself). And so I never saw Howace again (whew!)." "Oooooh!"

Scavenger Hunt Results Judged

Watch out or they'll shoot! All the campus Kodak, Argus and Leica fiends have been let loose. Perhaps you didn't know what was up, but if you had known all about the Camera Club's scavenger hunt, then you would have understood why all the amateur camera fiends of the Hollins campus flocked around you with that ice cream cone, or when, armed with all the implements of glamour, you prepared to leave campus.

It all began way back in October, 1941, when the old members of the Camera Club at Hollins decided that membership was too easily obtainable. They only wanted the big shots in their Club. So when the Eastman Kodak Company sent them a leaflet describing a scavenger hunt done with cameras, they decided to use this as a qualifying test for membership.

The freshmen and any upperclassman that wished to join were given a list of seven objects that they had to find in their finders, and reproduce at the next club meeting. These objectives were as follows: Susie Cocke, Louis ringing the triangle, girls leaving on a week-end, Miss Chevreux umpiring a hockey game, "Mercy Me" (horse) with her ears up, girl with an ice cream cone, and the library steps.

The Camera Club held a meeting on Wednesday, November 26, to judge the entries in this hunt-contest. First, they were judged by the quantity; then, if a tie resulted, by the quality. However, a girl did not have to win to be taken into the Club, but only to participate. The main object was to eliminate anybody from membership who wasn't interested enough in making a genuine effort towards cooperating in club activities. Invitations to join the Club will be sent out in accordance with the results of this contest.

This Collegiate World

Although we are engrossed in thoughts of the fall play, the prom with all its fun and laughter, and the ever-fascinating Christmas pageant, let us momentarily cast our eyes toward other campuses to see how they are faring under the climatic impact of the first semester's work and play.

Washington and Lee

At Washington and Lee rehearsals are being rushed full speed for the 1941 Varsity show, *Say It Again*, which is to be presented December 12 and 13. This is an original musical comedy written by an undergraduate student, and includes a dozen original songs which are to be orchestrated by the Southern Collegians.

Harvard

At Harvard, graduate schools are speeding up programs with plans for summer sessions in order to help graduate students get their degrees before they are snatched into the armed services.

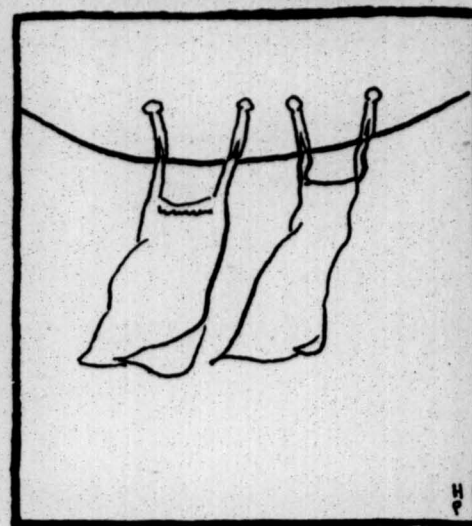
Sweet Briar

Interior decoration takes on a new charm at Sweet Briar, as house presidents are judged and awarded prizes to the two most attractively decorated rooms in each dorm. And speaking of prizes, the faculty committee of the Book Shop at Sweet Briar awards a prize of twenty dollars to that senior who has assembled the most interesting collection of books in her college years. The award is based on the individual interest and appeal rather than on the number of books or their market value.

University of Kentucky

The University of Kentucky is making big plans for its 75th anniversary celebration which is to take place this spring. For this same time Mary Baldwin College, the Citadel, and Roanoke College are also planning their centennial celebrations.

PINK SLIPS



By VIRGINIA DAVENPORT

Diary of a White Collar Girl

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15

Well, I've arrived—or should I say returned. Never in my whole life, dear diary, have I felt so down and out. Here I've been sitting for the last six months waiting for something exciting to happen. It did. Now it's back to ye olde routine. Friday night was more dog-gone fun. All the houses looked grand, decorated and such. Oh, am I ever stupid not to tell you where all this was. W. and L., of course. It was their Home-coming. Rode over those fifty famous miles with Anne Biggs, Rinki McCurdy, Liz Senger, and Peg Trusler. When we got to the Robert E. Lee and checked in. I went up and asked Bonny Turley and Peg Romney what they were going to wear to supper. Of course, what I ended up wearing would never achieve the distinction of being mentioned in Modes by Maraist. Who should I sit right next to at supper but Kitty Anderson, Suz Johnson and Annie Frazier plus dates. Back at the hotel about two hours later I happened to catch a glimpse of Louise Harriman, Chink Taylor, and Jane Cutting before they breezed off to the dance. When at long last I arrived, who should I hear from a distance but the ever-famous Bunch Sanders. She was cutting a mean rug. Coming back from the T-House Sunday Mary Taylor, Helen Ann Symons, Pris Hammell, and Jean Downs all agreed with me that time really flew, unfortunately.

Good night, diary. I've got to get to work on two term papers.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24

It's all over but the shouting! I've eaten turkey, pumpkin pie, and cranberry sauce until I'm blue in the face. But was it ever worth it? The game in Lynchburg was super. Both teams played excellently. At least that's what the morning paper said. I was too busy talking, as usual. Practically all of Hollins was there. Evenly divided on both sides of the field. I wasted a full hour Sunday night talking to Anne Straub and Rosie Board about their Ring Figure experiences Friday night. Unanimously they said how wonderful it was. Why how could it help but be with Agnes Reid Jones and Bunny Rodgers participating. And not even to mention the fact that Merle Hewitt, Elizabeth Channing, Ann Bennett, Anne Fowlkes, Jeanne Afflick, Marguerite Cornwall, Betty Sprunt, Janet Diehl, Dabs Lancaster, Margaret Barnwall, Betty Chambliss and Frances Campbell were there in all their glory.

There's lots to look forward to with the prom just around the corner, so do your Christmas dating early. (Any resemblance between that quip and one made by the V. M. I. Monogram committee is purely coincidental . . . or is it?) 'Night Diary 'til next Monday.

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seats for this traditional battle. At last the long awaited moment has arrived and the black cat of the Odds rushes out to meet the Even yellow tiger. What a clash!

The first half zoomed along with the black cats making the first goal. But before the end of the half the score was 1-1. During the half, both cheering sections held rallies in the middle of the field, the

Odds making their traditional ring around the field.

The second half started off with a bang and a cheer for the returning teams. Moving along more slowly than the first half, the Tigers made three more goals. By the end of the game, everybody was ready to run to get ready for the much-talked-about banquet.

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Now that the excitement is all over from the Odd-Even game, we can look at things more peacefully. Yes, the game was wonderful and the Evens came out on top, but only after a tough struggle. The cheering section certainly was boisterous . . . never heard so much noise. There were times when you couldn't even hear the referee's whistle. It sure was wonderful to have Rosa Batte with us for the game, and we might add that she did an excellent job of officiating . . .

Did any one notice how perplexed Patsy Ryland got one time when she missed the ball during the game . . . she even went so far as to jump up and down in the middle of the field. . . Patsy, what a temper! The banquet that night served its purpose as a revival meeting . . . such delicious food! We sure think that Ann Hall and Bunny Rohner fully deserved their gold pins and hope that there will be many more equally deserving souls in the future.

But hockey isn't over yet . . . not by a long run for there are still some great games between the hockey class teams

to be played. The names of the teams . . . Gracie's Glamour Girls, preferably called "Chevie's Sharp Shooters," "Smith's Smoothies," and the "Green Hornets" . . . are enough to scare any one. Speaking of hockey, a most amusing incident occurred in the Friday three o'clock class this week . . . one outstanding student . . . a left-wing to be exact . . . was told to take a short corner and she proceeded to walk over to the designated spot and roll the ball into the striking circle. Is it a wonder that Miss Chevreux hasn't gray hair? Well, maybe something else was on the player's mind.

Winter Athletics begin next week so prepare yourselves for a new lease on life, and go into your schedule with vim and vigor.

Our sympathy is for Dot Wilson who acquired a broken finger in hockey the other day . . . we've heard that hockey was a rough sport . . . almost as bad as football, but we didn't know it was quite that bad. Pretty soon they'll have to have ambulances waiting beside the field if you gals don't calm down this game.

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The Students Discuss

Labor

Today the people of this country are more interested in preparing for defense than in any other topic. Strikes have continuously blocked these efforts toward defense. The most recent and critical has been the strike in the coal mines. Several classes on campus have been following the course of events in this strike. When asked if they thought there was any justification for the unions in demanding a union shop in the captive coal mines at this time, they were quite willing to give their opinions.

PRO

PRISCILLA HAMMEL, '44

Since such a large percentage of the workers in the captive coal mines are already union members, I believe that the unions have every justification for demanding that the minority of workers who are not union members become so within 30 days. Certainly a union shop makes for more cooperation and greater efficiency among the workers. If we want an increase in production, moreover, let the unions show what they can do when they don't have to contend with a minority group of hostile workers.

ELINOR SIECK, '42

Most of the workers in the captive coal mines are unionized; therefore, I believe that a union shop will make for more efficiency and closer cooperation among the workers themselves without changing the status of many employees. Also if they are completely organized, they are better able to get some of their demands from their employees. Of course, they are taking advantage of the "emergency" to obtain their union shop. However, if you were a laborer and thought that complete unionism would aid you to obtain more security and greater benefits, would you not be in favor of a union shop? I think from this point of view the laborer is partially justified.

CON

ANN JACOBS, '44

According to published statistics, 95% of the workers in the captive coal mines are already union members. In my opinion, therefore, it seems both unnecessary and unpatriotic for the unions to demand a closed shop at this critical period in our time. This demand threatens the cooperation between labor and management in the steel industry which is so vital to our defense program upon which the protection of the United States depends.

BETTY DORSCHIED, '43

I don't believe that the unions have any justification in their demands at this time. They seem to be taking advantage of the increased need of production. Now, especially, is universal cooperation essential; any labor disputes will naturally throw a cog in the wheel of national defense.

MARY WHELCHER, '42

If there were a closed shop in the captive mines, it would mean that the workers would have an agency through which they could bargain collectively with the employer, thereby making for better conditions and more cooperation between employer and employees. However, at the present time, when coal is so vital in national defense, I don't think there is any justification for the strike. They should be able to make a few sacrifices for the good of the country as a whole and not think only of themselves.

BERNARD BERKELEY, '43

To take advantage of management and government during this critical time for the furthering of labor's selfish interests is, to me, not only uncooperative; it is unpatriotic. Knowing that their services are vital to our national defense, the workers have now demanded the union shop, so that they may have greater strength in demanding further points. It seems that the unions are defeating themselves by failing to back the country to the utmost in its struggle to "save democracy." In a sense, moreover, complete union shop in any industry would partially do away with free enterprise, which is a privilege of those living in "a democracy."

MARTA CANTWELL, '43

The captive coal mine strike, as I see it, is unjust at this time primarily because of the present condition of national emergency in the country. A closed shop now, when labor already holds such a monopolistic place in industry would be all very nice for John L. and the boys. Starting in the captive coal mines, where he was directly hitting one of the greatest defense industries, Lewis believed he would find little trouble in achieving his aims; however, that wasn't the case. He has found himself up against an irate Congress plus, what is worse, an ever-growing indignation by the American public who have sacrificed to meet the demands of the emergency put on them. You can't blame Lewis for trying at this time of speeded up industry, but you can blame him for continued refusal of settlement of any kind. This is a period of give and take—mostly give. His actions concerning the captive mines are almost treasonable—where is his national spirit or does he enjoy only a Lewis spirit?

ANNE HALL, '42

Because the strength of the union depends upon membership, in peace time there would be justification in demanding closed shop in the captive coal mine, but at present the union should not be interested in its own strength but in the strength of the nation as a whole. They should stop demanding and get behind the national defense program whole-heartedly.

Free Speech

DEAR EDITOR:

We think it's time that Hollins grew up and started having college proms instead of prep school proms. Twice a year for as long as we can remember, our lovely green campus has been a raging inferno of confusion, muttering and rebellion for weeks around prom time. And for two good reasons. First, the Approved List, that monster that stirs everything up like a cement mixer. Second, the Deadline for Date Names . . . a bugaboo, if we ever saw one.

We thought that this year we'd get all the incoherent ravings down on paper and we'll start with the Approved List. If we're not adult enough, or steeped thoroughly enough in Hollins tradition and familiar enough with "Uphold Hollins Reputation" theme to have the proper boys for dates, then we should be back home in high school. In the first place, a prom is the time each girl tries to outdo the girl down the hall by having the smoothest, most attractive, most eligible male she can unearth. It boils down to the simple fact that you ask the nicest boy you know to come play that week-end. And, secondly, to say the least, it's embarrassing if the conversation with a potential date goes along these lines.

"Johnny, let me know in two days if you can come 'cause . . ."

"Hey, gal. What's the rush? Our exam schedules aren't up for a week!"

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"Yes, I know. But, you see, your name has to go through the Approved List Committee . . ."

"Oh, sorry. I'll wire home for my pedigree, pronto."

Now we'll dig into the Deadline Problem. You have to ask the boy definitely quite a while before the invitations go out. The poor creature knows that he's coming and the invitations mailed out by the committee are "de trop" . . . an added formality. Which we approve, and which we wouldn't do without. Yet, it is beyond us why each girl can't lick a three-cent stamp and send her own invitation, like the little college student she is supposed to be. It takes, at the most, four or five days for a letter to get to Honolulu. Consequently, we figure our little engraved job could make it to Lexington, Charlottesville or even New Haven safely in three days. So why this "weeks-in-advance" headache? "What's the rush?" Our final names are due on November 25 and that leaves ten extra days with nothing to do but prevent girls from getting acceptances during that time.

We don't feel that we're complaining about an obscure little bother, for any person who has lived within hearing distance of Hollins has heard the growing growl of protest at the intricate red-tape a prom date involves. Once you get to the prom with your date, everything is smooth sailing, grand and glorious fun, and we love it. It's just these tough preliminaries that are gradually wearing us down.

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